

The Yolo Democrat.

VOL. XII.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.

NO. 43.

The Yolo Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

WM. SAUNDERS,

Editor and Proprietor.

Office—Freeman's Block, Cor. 1st and Main Sts.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, in advance, \$4.00

Each subsequent insertion, 10 cts.

A liberal discount made from above rates to

subscribers in advance.

Star notices in the local department, ten

cents a line for the first and five cents a line

for each subsequent insertion.

All advertisements must be paid for in advance.

L. P. EVERETT,

CIVIL ENGINEER & COUNTY SURVEYOR

Office—Court House, Woodland, Jellid

ED. MARSHALL, J. CHAM, W. H. GRANT,

MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.

Special attention to Patent Suits and Probate

Cases. Excelsior Block, Woodland, Jellid

GREEN HAYMOND, DARWIN C. ALLEN,

HAYMOND & ALLEN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Office over Gillig, Mott & Co's, No. 58 J

AVENUE.

J. C. BALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY.

Office—Over Bank of Woodland, Jellid

DR. GEORGE H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

Office, one door west of Express Office; Resi-

dence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak

Avenue.

L. WELCH, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Dentist, Art, Wundt and Geburtshilfe.)

Office and Residence—First house on Jellid

St., south of Main Street.

DR. E. R. HUSE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

Searcher of Records and Conveyancer.

Office in Court House, Woodland, Cal. Jellid

DR. W. T. LUCAS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, over Thompson's Store, Main

Street, Woodland, Jellid

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

And Notary Public.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts.

Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland, Jellid

DR. A. STRONG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, at Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland,

Call promptly responded to at all hours.

THOMAS ROSS, M.D.C.M.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Residence,

College Street, south of Main Street, Jellid

A CARD.

WOODLAND, July 29th, 1879.

To GEO. D. FISKE, Agent New England

Mutual Life Insurance Company—Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you, and through you the

Company you represent, for the prompt pay-

ment of the Policy on my late husband's life

for \$3000. I am cheerfully recom-

mending to the insuring public, and the

Agents as being reliable and trustworthy. I

have found that all promises made in regard

to the insurance have been fulfilled. With-

standing yourself and Company the amount so

much desired, I am, yours respectfully,

BRIDGET MILLER.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST.

Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

AND DRUGGISTS' Sundries.

WOODLAND BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Cards in this Directory, two lines, Daily and

Weekly, \$1 per month; in advance \$10 a year.

ATTORNEYS, NOTARIES, ETC.

E. R. BUSH, Attorney-at-Law and Searcher of

Records, office in Court House.

H. GABOURT, Attorney-at-Law, office in

Office House.

W. B. TREADWELL, Attorney-at-Law, office

at Court House.

G. R. BALL, Attorney at Law and Notary Pub-

lic, office over Bank of Woodland.

P. SPRAGUE, Attorney and Counsellor at

Law, office in Bank Building.

JOHN LAMBERT, Attorney at Law and

Notary Public, over C. S. Frost's office.

S. F. FOSTER, Attorney and Conveyancer.

Land Act, one door west of Express Office.

G. G. HARPER, Attorney and Counsellor at

Law, Harper's building, up stairs.

E. BAKER, Attorney at Law and Notary

Public, Room 1, Excelsior Block.

MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT, Attys &

Counsellors at Law, Excelsior Block.

H. SIBLEY, Attorney-at-Law and Justice

of the Peace; office in Town Hall.

GEORGE ALFORD, Town Marshal and

Deputy Sheriff, office in Town Hall.

WARREN POWERS, Constable for Cache

Creek Township, office in Town Hall.

NIGHT-WATCHMAN and Police Officer,

Wm. Coulter, headquarters at Town Hall.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

D. E. L. FARRAMORE, office at Union &

Smith; shop on First street, north of Main.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON, office over Webster's

Drug Store, west side of Express Office.

DR. THOS. ROSS, Physician and Surgeon,

office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. A. STRONG, Physician and Surgeon,

office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. A. B. MERRITT, Physician and Surgeon,

office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. R. H. PIERSON, Physician and Surgeon,

office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. W. T. LUCAS, office over Webster's

Drug Store, one door west of Express Office.

C. E. PINKHAM, M.D., Homeopathic Physi-

cian, office over Bank of Woodland.

DIETZ & HOLMES, Dentists, office up

stairs, Excelsior Block.

DR. L. WELCH, German Physician, office

and res. First St., first house south of Main

Street, Woodland, Jellid

DR. L. N. HODGEN, Practical Dentist, Room

2 (up stairs), Excelsior Block.

DR. A. N. DICK, Practical Dentist, office

over Webster's drug store.

DRUGGISTS AND JEWELERS.

J. W. PROCTOR, Drugs, Paints, Perfumery,

etc., one door east of Porter's Grocery.

J. B. ELSTON, Drugs, Paints, Stationery,

Perfumery, etc., Excelsior Block.

WHITTELL & HIGGINSON, Drugs, Med-

icines, etc., 1 door west of Express Office.

W. GREEN, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,

Stationery, Toys, etc., College Block.

C. S. GRAY, Clocks, Watches and Jewelry,

in U. M. Store, opp Express Office.

TAILORS AND SHOEMAKERS.

DEVOIT BROS., Fashionable Merchant Tail-

ors, north side Main, west of Railroad St.

A. BUTZ, Fashionable Merchant Tailor,

College Block.

ZIRKER, Merchant Tailor, Repairer, etc.,

College Block.

BOOTH & SHOEMAKER, Wm. Williams,

one door west of Adams' Grocery.

J. G. HUDSON, Boot and Shoemaker, south-

west corner Main and Railroad streets.

HARNESS-MAKERS, ETC.

T. J. PRIOR, Harness Maker and Dealer in

Harness, Saddles, Bobs, Whips, etc.,

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAPITAL HOTEL, John Tackney, Proprietor,

Cor. Main and First streets.

FRATT HOTEL, Price & Small, Proprietors,

Main street, bet. First and Railroad streets.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE, M. H. Torrence,

A Main, between Second and Third streets.

TACKNEY HOUSE, John Tackney, Proprietor,

West Main street, opp. Catholic Church.

HELVETIA HOTEL, F. B. Borge, Proprietor,

South side of Main, and west of R.R. sts.

FRENCH RESTAURANT, B. Denney, Proprietor,

two doors west of Express Office.

PALACE RESTAURANT, Mrs. M. David,

Proprietor, Main street, opp. College.

BANK, INSURANCE, LAND & GRAIN

BANK OF WOODLAND, Money Lender

and Exchange, Main and Second streets.

THOMAS & HUNT, Grain and Store, Main

and Second streets.

LAGUNOUR & BROWNELL, Dealers in

Grain, Wool, etc., in Express Office.

GEORGE D. FISKE, Life, Accident and Fire

Insurance, Land Agency, etc., P. O. Block.

ELMAN & STEPHENS, Dealers in Grain,

Wool, etc., tin roof, Bank of Woodland.

WELLS, FARGO & CO'S EXPRESS, W. F.

Moses agent, one door west of Bank.

WAGON-MAKERS, BLACKSMITHS, ETC.

A. J. JOHNSON, all kinds of Blacksmithing,

opposite Tackney House.

PERRY & HARRIS, Blacksmiths and Mach-

inists, First street, south of Bank.

SOVEREIGN, Wagon Maker and Black-

smith; shop on First street, north of Main.

UNPHY & STOKING, Blacksmiths,

Horseshoers, etc., opp. Exchange Hotel.

R. F. READY, Blacksmith, Horseshoer, etc.,

South corner Main and Second streets.

A. WEAVER, Wagon and Carriage Maker,

Blacksmithing, east of Wash'n Hall.

HARDWARE, TINWARE, ETC.

H. B. WOOD, Shelf and Heavy Hardware

Farming Tools, Wagons, etc., Main Street.

P. FREEMAN & CO., Hardware, Farming

Tools, Saddlery, etc., College Block.

H. KUHN & BROS., Stoves, Tin and Water

Pipe Fitting, Pumps, etc., College Block.

D. MORIN, Stoves, Tinware, Water Tanks,

Cases and Water Pipes, opp. Express Office.

G. F. GRISWOLD, Stoves, Tinware, Gas

and Water Pipes, Pumps, etc., near Postoffice.

VARIOUS MANUFACTURERS.

WOODLAND FLOURING MILL, J. P. P.

Rhodes, N.W. cor. First and Court streets.

P. KIELLENBERG, Furniture Dealer and

Manufacturer, S. W. cor. Main and Third

Sts. Carpet Manufactory, west of

Rhodes' Corner, south side Main street.

K. SMITH, General Furniture Dealer, Col-

lege Block, near Postoffice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAILY AND WEEKLY DEMOCRAT, Wm.

Saunders, Editor & Proprietor, Freeman's

Block, Jellid

YOLU MAIL, (Weekly) W. W. Theobald,

Editor and Publisher, Excelsior Block.

WOODLAND STANDARD (Weekly), D. L.

Hackett, Editor & Proprietor, Excelsior

Block.

DEPUCE & CO., Compilers "Illustrated His-

tory of Yolo County," Excelsior Block.

WOODLAND WATER WORKS, J. W. Peck,

South corner Main and Second streets.

FRANK DUNSTON, Bill Poster and Adver-

tising Agent, P. O. Box 132.

NEWS DEPOT, E. Borg, Papers, Periodicals,

all styles, over Nickel's store.

WATER AND GAS WORKS, J. D. Stephens

Pres't, P. M. Brown St., 4th and Main.

PUGET SOUND LUMBER YARDS, A. Pow-

ell manager, near railroad.

DEMOCRATS, ARE YOU ORGANIZED?

But little time now remains before the

people will meet in their several precincts

to cast their votes at one of the most im-

portant crises in the history of our State.

Enough has already been written and spo-

ken, to enlighten every voter as to his duty;

and now is the time for action! Action!

Let every Democrat, and especially those

committees who have charge of the political

organizations in our county, look to it, that

every effort is made to rouse up their fellow

Democrats to a realizing sense of the im-

portance of the coming contest. The Demo-

cratic ticket in town, county and State, are

the only ones that the people can safely de-

pend upon; we do not mean to say, that

there are not good men on all the tickets;

but they are so bound by party ties, that it

is not to be expected that they would break

away from their party affiliations. The great

question that is to be between the railroad

and the anti-railroad monopolies. In such

a contest the Democratic party is the only

one that can be depended upon. Our candi-

dates are tried and faithful, and can be re-

lied upon under all circumstances. Every

vote for Perkins for Governor is a vote

for the railroad monopoly, as sure as if it

was cast for Stanford direct. Every vote

for White, is a vote thrown away, and

will do no one good, unless it be Perkins.

And what Democrat is willing to do that?

The only sure thing is to vote for Glenn—

the people's candidate; he is truly one of

a hardy tiller of the soil, the man who

believes in earning his bread by the

sweat of his brow; by making millions upon

millions of blades of grain grow before

that is the kind of "monopoly"—a mono-

poly that begets envy, enmity, hatred,

Personal.

Gov. Drew, of Florida, can draw his check for \$500,000, and have it honored. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and family are spending the summer in the mountains of Virginia.

On August 2d, Ralph Waldo Emerson will lecture before the Concord Summer School of Philosophy.

The estate of the late Asa Packer will yield an income of \$200,000 a year to each of his three children.

Gov. Talbot, of Massachusetts, a strong Substantiar, has induced the Legislature to forbid the running of trains on the State railroad.

One of Julia Ward Howe's daughters used to occupy her spare time in teaching Greek and Hebrew to the deaf mutes in her father's asylum.

The Prince of Wales stood sponsor at the christening of the son of Capt. and Mrs. Paget, nee Miss Minnie Stevens, of New York, and the daughter of a hotel keeper.

James E. Murdock, who is living quietly in Cincinnati, will in October return to the stage, on the fifth anniversary of his entry into the profession. He says that he needs money.

Gov. Allen once told a friend that the hardest duty he had to perform, as Governor of Ohio, was to say "no" to women and children who appealed to him to exercise the pardoning power.

Kosuth is out in a letter telling how to rebuild Segedon. He thinks that a modern city ought to be built on the site of the old one destroyed by the flood, a city of homes like those of the English.

Hanlan believes that total abstinence from liquor and tobacco is necessary to the most successful physical effort. He has certainly demonstrated his theory most handsomely, and he ought to be sent on a lecturing tour among athletic clubs in general.—N. Y. Herald.

"Punch's" epitaph on William Lloyd Garrison: "True heart and fearless—Freedom's foe that braved, On Freedom's friends when fiercest down they bore."

Farrell! The child of Freedom saved, What matter if it's Garrison's no more?"

A small two-room house was built specially for Jefferson Davis near the dwelling-house at "Beauvoir." He is said to have there an unequalled library of reference for his work on the Rebellion. It is stated by a Southern Journal that he "feels that his will be the authoritative defense of the cause of his people, and he fully appreciates the gravity of his task."

Mr. Spurgeon has a kind of wit which is sometimes as sharp as an arrow. He says that every one is willing to find an excuse for staying away from a prayer meeting. Brother A., for instance, thought it looked better to be absent, and concluded to remain at home. On Thursday evening, however, though it was pouring, he hired a carriage and took his whole family to the Academy to hear M. Agassiz deliver a lecture on the "Intelligence of the Lobster." It is always easy to find a reason for not doing what you don't want to do.

Fashion Sprays.

Black is the best color for photographing. Poppies are much worn on the coarse, heavy, straw hats.

Rings to match the color of the neck lace are a new fancy.

Pearl necklaces of several rows are worn with high dresses in Paris.

Twenty-four buttoned garters are the most recent mode for the feminine aristocracy.

Scarabaei are again fashionable for jewelry. Some wear the Brazilian beetle instead.

Brown holland is being embroidered with chenille and also gold for summer under-vests, pockets and bags.

The fancy for beaded lace is on the increase, and Breton, French and Spanish lace is seen sparkling with beads.

Large stones, in imitations of amethyst and topaz, are set in silver, and used for buttons on elegant evening dresses.

Fashionable dress shades are those of faded tints of ancient tapestry; garnet, rose, Russia blue and dead gray being the leading ones.

Great bunches of field daisies are worn at the belt, and heavy balls of dandelion seed are worn with butter-cups for button-hole bouquets.

Black has become very fashionable and distinguished for street wear, the effect of rich trimming material making it handsomer than of old.

Rows of Breton insertion sewed together are made into what are called locked collars for tying closely around the neck with low square dresses.

The latest paraisols are of Indian pongee, embroidered in parti-colored sprigs, on the ground, and a garland border. They are mounted on a rattan stick.

Those French families who were on visiting terms with the late Emperor and Empress are wearing deep mourning; others have assumed court mourning.

Archery, yachting, shell gathering, camping out and excursion dresses require woolly cloths of light grades, or heavy wool bunnings, to be serviceable and warm.

Fashionable ladies who wish the very latest styles and designs in costumes rummage the garret for the oldest fashion-plates and have their dresses made after them.

The most novel shade-hats are in small straw baskets lined with brims embroidered in crowls, then faced with silk and trimmed with a scarf of the same shade.

Washing loops are among the useful trimmings. They are of any washing fabric lined with fast-colored lawn, either red, blue, or coral; these bright linings imitate Asiatic silk, and are very pretty.

Bracelets are of Roman or dead gold, in heavy bands, and are handsomely engraved and ornamented with stones, shells, furs and scroll patterns. Fanciful and arrows of the same are worn in the hair.

Aprons made of eoru or tea-colored linen, embroidered in crowls and tied back with bright ribbons, are worn by ladies with their morning toilettes. Pinus aprons are also popular for garden parties.

A beautiful traveling dress belonging to a bridal outfit was made of ruby cashmere, trimmed with ruby and gray stamped velvet and hand-painted buttons. This costume was a marvel of good taste and beauty.

The Forgetful Man.

I never knew a better exemplification of a practical Irish bull than a note our absent-minded friend dispatched to his wife one day, from his office in the city. He thought he had left his eye-glasses at home and wrote to his wife, requesting her to send them to him. Just as he finished the note, however, he found that he had the eye-glasses about him, so he added a postscript telling his wife she need not look for them as he had found them.

I recall another absent-minded person, a young man fresh from college, very studious, very busy, and a little peevish and conceited. His parents and sisters would often remonstrate with him about his absent-mindedness, begging him to try and check it before it led to some serious trouble or inconvenience, but he would merely answer them with a dreamy, superior smile.

In fact, he did not regard it as any blemish in his character, but was rather disposed to consider it as a proof of his superiority to the world, to general that he could not allow his attention to be fettered by the trivialities going on around him. The occurrence which I am now going to relate served, however, to make a deeper impression on him than the admonitions of his friends.

One summer he and his two sisters (whom we will call Lucy and Emma) started on a little tour through a picturesque part of the country in a private carriage, and were accompanied by a valet and a footman.

After driving nearly all day, Lucy and Emma proposed to get out and walk awhile, as they felt stiff from sitting so long, and, besides, wishing to gather some ferns and flowers they saw on the road. "Just drive slowly along, brother," said they, "and we will soon overtake you." At first, he started off with a recollection of their injunction, but soon this, as well as the fact of their existence, faded from his mind, and he sank into a dreamy contemplation of the religion and government of the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians.

Meantime, the horses trotted briskly on, coming, after a while, to a small river, over which they forded.

Emma and Lucy, as soon as they saw their brother getting out of sight, commenced quickening their pace and hail him at the top of their voices, but in vain; he heeded them not. Their resolution held out very well, however, till they reached the river bank. Here they sat down and burst into tears. In indignation came to their assistance and enabled them to regain their firmness and composure. "It is a shame for a brother to have left us in this predicament!" exclaimed Emma.

"I am not at all absent-minded," he said, "I am simply forgetful."

"I hope he will have a good scare about us," said Lucy. "He deserves it and it may be a lesson to him and check him up in his forgetfulness." They then held a little council as to what they should do. Seeing a little farm-house in the distance, they concluded to go there and seek shelter for the night. A dark cloud of rain came on, and they hastened to hasten to this abode, and indeed they did not reach it very long before a thunder storm took place. By this time their brother had come to his recollection and was fairly clobbered at his neglect of his sisters. Through thunder, lightning and pouring rain, at no little risk to himself and horses, he drove back anxiously looking for them. By the time he reached the farm-house, he found them all safe and sound, and he being unfamiliar with the country, overlooked the farm-house where his sisters were sheltered.

He spent the most wretched night of his life wandering like a lost sheep in the lifeless wilderness of the night, and the next morning he came across by his loud raps and distracted inquiries. Not till morning did he stumble on his sisters' retreat, pale, haggard and withered, and such a spectacle as turned their indignation into pity. His self-reproaches were so great that he did not leave them room to say a word. He earnestly avowed his determination to try from that day forth to conquer his absent-mindedness, the true nature and tendency of which he had just begun to realize.—M. W. E., in *Detroit Free Press*.

Country and City.

The excitement and artificial society of cities are an education—but not the kind which always produces good in the respect and consideration shown in true refinement. An indignant correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes in the following strain:

Several years ago, I witnessed the following occurrence in a village street: A plain farmer's boy was driving his wagon to the mill and met a funeral procession. It was led by a working-man, walking bareheaded, and behind him a dozen or more neighbors and friends walked behind. The farmer's boy drew up to the side of the road and took off his hat as the humble mourners passed.

Yesterday morning about eleven o'clock, I witnessed another occurrence at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, in the city of New York.

There were in front of the old Brick Church. The funeral service of a well-known lady had closed, and the coffin was being placed in the hearse in the presence of the mourners.

At this moment a splendid coach and four passed by with a brilliant party on top. The liveried servant behind with distended cheeks blew his horn in the face of the funeral, and with a reverent nod from any of the company continued his performance along the crest of Murray Hill.

I could not help questioning whether some of the finer qualities of our nature are not better cultivated in the country than in the town.

Grace Greenwood writes: "Never unsee yourself for greatness. The worship of one true heart is better than the worship of the world. Don't trample on the flowers while longing for the stars. Live up to the full measure of life; give way to your impulses, loves and enthusiasms; sink, smile, labor and make; yes, for, strive after excellence; rejoice when others attain it; feel for your contemporaries a loving envy; steal into your country's heart; glory in its greatness, exult in its power, honor its gallant men, immortalize its matchless women."

The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is a pound of raisins, one found and eaten, one pound of currants, with a little wine, Spice and cinnamon to suit the taste.

Too Dressy by Half.

To the uninitiated, the examination of the fashion plates of a ladies' copy of fashions is a bewildering study. Most of the dresses convey the impression that the designer knows nothing of the harmonies of dress. The costumes are heterogeneous, and wanting in graceful effect. Oh, for the neat and becoming attire of the country, when paniers and bouffants were unknown, and buttons were made for use rather than ornament! With the introduction of sewing-machines we were in hopes that dress-making would not only find more time for intellectual and social culture, but could also be dressed more economically; but they tell us that the stitches are so multiplied on their dresses, and there are so many skirts, plaits, tucks, and furbelows of one sort or another, that it requires more cloth and more time to make a dress than ever, the expense of making often exceeding the cost of cloth.

This state of things would be more tolerable if there were any grace or beauty in all these furbelows. Perhaps "dressy" young ladies do not know that matrons of the past were not so much in the degree that stylish dresses and stylish living grow in favor. In the single State of Massachusetts it was computed a few years since that there were twenty thousand married women who were housewives, "homeless and aimless." Young men certainly cannot afford in these times to take partners that are of the fashionable, and dress as they please, and make large drafts on the income of men long established in business and having some accumulated capital, and one just starting in life, will very likely be swayed by the love of display, as well as such an expensive luxury as a dressy wife. Most girls are proud of dress, and it is natural that they should be so. They love to make themselves attractive, and that is all right if the love is accompanied by good taste and directed by good judgment.

The trouble is that they are inclined to be too dressy—or, rather, too ostentatious in their attire, and the love of display is not confined to the rich and fashionable, as is too commonly supposed. It shows itself in all the layers of society. And this is where the trouble lies. The girl who has little money at her disposal desires to be rich and fashionable, as is too commonly supposed. It shows itself in all the layers of society. And this is where the trouble lies. The girl who has little money at her disposal desires to be rich and fashionable, as is too commonly supposed. It shows itself in all the layers of society. And this is where the trouble lies.

Emma and Lucy, as soon as they saw their brother getting out of sight, commenced quickening their pace and hail him at the top of their voices, but in vain; he heeded them not. Their resolution held out very well, however, till they reached the river bank. Here they sat down and burst into tears. In indignation came to their assistance and enabled them to regain their firmness and composure. "It is a shame for a brother to have left us in this predicament!" exclaimed Emma.

"I am not at all absent-minded," he said, "I am simply forgetful."

"I hope he will have a good scare about us," said Lucy. "He deserves it and it may be a lesson to him and check him up in his forgetfulness." They then held a little council as to what they should do. Seeing a little farm-house in the distance, they concluded to go there and seek shelter for the night. A dark cloud of rain came on, and they hastened to hasten to this abode, and indeed they did not reach it very long before a thunder storm took place. By this time their brother had come to his recollection and was fairly clobbered at his neglect of his sisters. Through thunder, lightning and pouring rain, at no little risk to himself and horses, he drove back anxiously looking for them. By the time he reached the farm-house, he found them all safe and sound, and he being unfamiliar with the country, overlooked the farm-house where his sisters were sheltered.

He spent the most wretched night of his life wandering like a lost sheep in the lifeless wilderness of the night, and the next morning he came across by his loud raps and distracted inquiries. Not till morning did he stumble on his sisters' retreat, pale, haggard and withered, and such a spectacle as turned their indignation into pity. His self-reproaches were so great that he did not leave them room to say a word. He earnestly avowed his determination to try from that day forth to conquer his absent-mindedness, the true nature and tendency of which he had just begun to realize.—M. W. E., in *Detroit Free Press*.

"I am not at all absent-minded," he said, "I am simply forgetful."

"I hope he will have a good scare about us," said Lucy. "He deserves it and it may be a lesson to him and check him up in his forgetfulness." They then held a little council as to what they should do. Seeing a little farm-house in the distance, they concluded to go there and seek shelter for the night. A dark cloud of rain came on, and they hastened to hasten to this abode, and indeed they did not reach it very long before a thunder storm took place. By this time their brother had come to his recollection and was fairly clobbered at his neglect of his sisters. Through thunder, lightning and pouring rain, at no little risk to himself and horses, he drove back anxiously looking for them. By the time he reached the farm-house, he found them all safe and sound, and he being unfamiliar with the country, overlooked the farm-house where his sisters were sheltered.

He spent the most wretched night of his life wandering like a lost sheep in the lifeless wilderness of the night, and the next morning he came across by his loud raps and distracted inquiries. Not till morning did he stumble on his sisters' retreat, pale, haggard and withered, and such a spectacle as turned their indignation into pity. His self-reproaches were so great that he did not leave them room to say a word. He earnestly avowed his determination to try from that day forth to conquer his absent-mindedness, the true nature and tendency of which he had just begun to realize.—M. W. E., in *Detroit Free Press*.

"I am not at all absent-minded," he said, "I am simply forgetful."

"I hope he will have a good scare about us," said Lucy. "He deserves it and it may be a lesson to him and check him up in his forgetfulness." They then held a little council as to what they should do. Seeing a little farm-house in the distance, they concluded to go there and seek shelter for the night. A dark cloud of rain came on, and they hastened to hasten to this abode, and indeed they did not reach it very long before a thunder storm took place. By this time their brother had come to his recollection and was fairly clobbered at his neglect of his sisters. Through thunder, lightning and pouring rain, at no little risk to himself and horses, he drove back anxiously looking for them. By the time he reached the farm-house, he found them all safe and sound, and he being unfamiliar with the country, overlooked the farm-house where his sisters were sheltered.

He spent the most wretched night of his life wandering like a lost sheep in the lifeless wilderness of the night, and the next morning he came across by his loud raps and distracted inquiries. Not till morning did he stumble on his sisters' retreat, pale, haggard and withered, and such a spectacle as turned their indignation into pity. His self-reproaches were so great that he did not leave them room to say a word. He earnestly avowed his determination to try from that day forth to conquer his absent-mindedness, the true nature and tendency of which he had just begun to realize.—M. W. E., in *Detroit Free Press*.

"I am not at all absent-minded," he said, "I am simply forgetful."

"I hope he will have a good scare about us," said Lucy. "He deserves it and it may be a lesson to him and check him up in his forgetfulness." They then held a little council as to what they should do. Seeing a little farm-house in the distance, they concluded to go there and seek shelter for the night. A dark cloud of rain came on, and they hastened to hasten to this abode, and indeed they did not reach it very long before a thunder storm took place. By this time their brother had come to his recollection and was fairly clobbered at his neglect of his sisters. Through thunder, lightning and pouring rain, at no little risk to himself and horses, he drove back anxiously looking for them. By the time he reached the farm-house, he found them all safe and sound, and he being unfamiliar with the country, overlooked the farm-house where his sisters were sheltered.

He spent the most wretched night of his life wandering like a lost sheep in the lifeless wilderness of the night, and the next morning he came across by his loud raps and distracted inquiries. Not till morning did he stumble on his sisters' retreat, pale, haggard and withered, and such a spectacle as turned their indignation into pity. His self-reproaches were so great that he did not leave them room to say a word. He earnestly avowed his determination to try from that day forth to conquer his absent-mindedness, the true nature and tendency of which he had just begun to realize.—M. W. E., in *Detroit Free Press*.

"I am not at all absent-minded," he said, "I am simply forgetful."

"I hope he will have a good scare about us," said Lucy. "He deserves it and it may be a lesson to him and check him up in his forgetfulness." They then held a little council as to what they should do. Seeing a little farm-house in the distance, they concluded to go there and seek shelter for the night. A dark cloud of rain came on, and they hastened to hasten to this abode, and indeed they did not reach it very long before a thunder storm took place. By this time their brother had come to his recollection and was fairly clobbered at his neglect of his sisters. Through thunder, lightning and pouring rain, at no little risk to himself and horses, he drove back anxiously looking for them. By the time he reached the farm-house, he found them all safe and sound, and he being unfamiliar with the country, overlooked the farm-house where his sisters were sheltered.

He spent the most wretched night of his life wandering like a lost sheep in the lifeless wilderness of the night, and the next morning he came across by his loud raps and distracted inquiries. Not till morning did he stumble on his sisters' retreat, pale, haggard and withered, and such a spectacle as turned their indignation into pity. His self-reproaches were so great that he did not leave them room to say a word. He earnestly avowed his determination to try from that day forth to conquer his absent-mindedness, the true nature and tendency of which he had just begun to realize.—M. W. E., in *Detroit Free Press*.

A Maine Boy's Memory.

There is in this city one of the most remarkable boys in the world, probably. He is the son of Col. Fuller, ex-postmaster at Bangor, and is now ten years of age. His intellect is perfectly wonderful, and almost goes beyond belief. The first time this little fellow was the precocity was about a year ago, when they accidentally discovered that he was almost infallible on any date he had ever seen or heard. He was out as he was walking in company with some relatives, in a cemetery, they observed that he would look at a tombstone, read the date of the death recorded, and the exact age of the person buried there, and then dance up and tell what day of the week the dead person was born on. This happened on several occasions, and but little attention was paid to it. Finally, however, one of his relatives, a friend of the date he had mentioned, and found that the day of the week had been given correctly in every instance. This caused them to ask him questions, which way they told the day of the week on which any date within the last seventy-five years fell. Only yesterday the writer gave the lad dates from the year 1840 to the present, and he gave the day of the week correctly. The longest time occupied in any one case was eight or ten seconds, the shortest being about five seconds. It should be remembered that while he answered there was no book or any other article near him from which he could get any aid.

If he has ever heard the date of birth of a person, or the date of death of his friends, he remembers it, and, of course, from what has been said above, knows on what day of the week the date fell. If not, he will tell him that the individual was born on a certain day of the week and month, he will, on seeing that person months afterward, speak up and say that that man's birthday falls on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned.

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

"Charlie," remarked the relative to the friend, "says that So-and-so's birthday is on such a day of the week, and he was usually told so long before. Not long ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been mentioned to him not long before. The relative took Charlie by the hand and walked to the place of business of the friend mentioned."

Learned what day of the week each date for several years past has fallen on.

This is not so, however. He does it by some mathematical process, as he is ready to answer about dates the days of the week of which he has never seen. What this process is he himself cannot explain.

Scarcely any of the above will seem credible, but we assure the readers of the *Commercial* that it is true in every particular, as scores of those acquainted with the circumstances can testify. The lad is, we repeat, one of the most wonderful in the world, and his career will be watched with interest.—Bangor (Me.) *Commercial*.

Out of the Ruts.

Nothing is much more hopeless than the ways of a household that gets to "living in ruts," and hasn't gumption enough to lift itself out. The same things to eat, the same people to see, the same round of duties, and, career, that the "same old thing" is over and over again on all sides—what wonder that so many women grow morbid at never accomplishing anything, and come to regard housekeeping as a good deal more of a "same old thing" than it really is. It is only by a sense of duty done, and happiness conferred to others?

We once ventured to suggest to a discouraged house-maker—the noblest of all women's work—the idea of introducing a new variety upon the little stage of life whereon she is manager, scene-shifter, prompter and player. The winter bills of fare, both mental and physical, are now too heavy. Our bodies are tired, and our minds are weary. The air, the sky, the face of Mother Nature, all are changed—the requirements of living are altered.

Recognize this fact in your house, and especially on the table. Many persons will find their appetite equal to a plate of oranges (that can now be bought very low by the box, and often save in doctors' bills), and can eat as heartily as a child, and can eat a dinner of hominy, rice, or eggs, who can't, and ought not to make a breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, and griddle-cakes. Good salads, lettuce, new milk, fish, fruit, rice, and grains, cooked in different ways, afford the variety of diet that is needed. If your cook or your cook-book is not suggestive, send for bills of fare to the popular restaurants, or have your friends send you hints from those who make a study of catering to the public.

A good deal may be done in brightening and freshening the house in regard to the advent of spring. A few window flowers from the florist, if your own have failed—as they probably have, unless you have escaped the average experience—a chance for the rearranging of the sitting-room, lighter reading, jollier games, and more lively music for the evening—earlier bed-time and earlier rising hours, outdoor walks at different seasons, and things such as change the order of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The EYES.—In order to preserve the eyesight, some rules concerning light and the use of the eyes should be observed. The light is artificial. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light should be of the order of the day in households that wish really to live, not simply to exist.—Golden Rule.

The Khedive's Exile.

No sooner was the

The Holo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.

To Thee.

Draw close the lattice and the door,
Shut out the very stars above!
No other eyes than mine shall pore
Upon this thrilling tale of love.
As, since the boat was opened last,
Along its deck and sacred text,
No other eyes than mine shall pore
Be mine the eyes that trace it next.
Oh! very nobly it is wrought,
This web of love's divinity;
But not to feed my soul with thought
Hang I upon the book to-night;
I read it only for thy sake,
To every page my lips I press—
The very leaves appear to make
A silken rustle like thy dress.
And so, as each blessed page I turn,
I seem, with many a secret thrill,
To touch a soft white hand, and burn
To clasp and kiss it at my will.
Oh! if a fancy be so sweet,
These shadowy fingers touching mine—
How wildly would my pulses beat,
If they could feel the beat of thine!
—Henry Thoreau.

A Fall for Life.

The merchant ship, *Druid*, from Bombay for London, lay becalmed off the west coast of Hindoostan, where the mountains were seen, towering in the air, with wild torrents leaping down the rocks, flashing through the dark green shrubbery, and rushing with the din of distant thunder.
"If the wind does not rise before to-morrow we will have to anchor," said the captain to Robert Winfield, a handsome young naval lieutenant, on leave of absence from the frigate stationed at Bombay. "I don't want to lay the ship's bones on the coast, nor do I like to get too near it. I have heard bad stories of the natives there; at any rate, I believe that almost every Hindoo is a thief and murderer by nature."

Belle Upton, daughter of Major Upton, who was on his way home from his India regiment, on sick leave, heard the words, and, shuddering, drew closer to her invalid father.

"Quick glance was exchanged between her and the young naval lieutenant, whose reassuring look seemed at once to dispel her fears."

Major Upton, noticing the glance and frowning, said to his daughter: "Come, Belle, let us go below."

Winfield had been a suitor of Belle's since she came to visit her father at Bombay, some months before. The girl favored him, but not so the major, who preferred her to choose a wealthier lover.

Belle was very beautiful, with a form of unrivaled grace, brown eyes, a clear, pearl-white skin, with little color, and dark golden hair that fell in rippling masses over her shoulders.

The lieutenant watched her admiringly until she disappeared in the cabin.

"No harm shall befall her, not while I live," he thought, as he now glanced anxiously toward the dark night.

Before eleven o'clock the quarter-deck was deserted by all save the officer of the watch, a lazy fellow who was now stretched on the carpenter's chest half asleep, while the watch forward, or Winfield (who stood leaning against the rail amidships) could perceive by the light of a lantern in the fore rigging, lay reclining on the hatch, some of them snoring.

Not feeling sleepy, the lieutenant resolved to go on deck to the mizen-top-sail yard, and watch for the first sign of a breeze. Arrived on the yard, the darkness was so intense that he could not see the waters below, although he still gazed in the direction of the light, reality or imagination? He thought he could detect the dim outline of something shooting around the ship's stern.

He was about descending when, the moon parting the clouds, the silvery light poured down on the ship and water, revealing a sight that filled the young man with horror—a scene so sudden and unexpected that his heart seemed to stand still.

While he was thus gazing, Belle Upton had come out on the quarter-deck, and now stood with her back to the rail, about two feet from it, her head bowed as if in deep thought, so that her beautiful white face shone like polished ivory in the bright moonlight.

Unheard by the young girl, a Hindoo, with a little body clad to the waist, had clambered up the side from a large canoe containing half-a-dozen of his companions, and had contrived to glide, serpent-like, on the outside of the ship until he had gained a position directly behind her, when he drew a large dirk, which he was now on the point of plunging into the snowy neck of the fair passenger, that she might not give an alarm.

The lieutenant's hand clutched the yard like a vice, as he beheld the young lady's peril. He must save her—he would save her, he thought; yet how was it to be done? To give the alarm would only hasten the girl's doom; to descend, no matter how quickly, by means of one of the back-stays, would be no use, as she must perish before he could reach the deck and attempt to stay the deadly hand.

There was no time to lose. In three seconds the dirk would descend and the girl would be killed at one stroke, so that the murderer's companions, who had already begun to ascend the vessel's side, could pounce on the drowsy occupants of the deck, and, slaying them, make themselves masters of the ship almost before a warning could be given.

Like a lightning flash the instinct of love, the resolution to save Belle in some way from his immediate attack, sent a sudden thought through the brain of the agonized spectator.

The Hindoo murderer, in his position on the outside of the ship, was under the yard, although about forty feet below him, while the girl, standing two feet from the rail, was within easy reach of the native, whose arm and body, as already stated, were drawn back from the bulwarks to give force to the meditated blow.

The young man, therefore, deemed it would be an easy matter to reach the Hindoo in the only way it could now be done with sufficient rapidity to prevent the accomplishment of his deadly purpose—a way at once novel and desperate, and which would, perhaps, involve his own destruction.

In a word, not hesitating to risk life or limb for the woman he loved, Lieutenant Winfield resolved to drop down from near the end of the mizen-top-sail yard upon the Hindoo, forty feet below, and thus dash him from the rail into the sea, perhaps killing himself, ere he could deal the fatal blow with the uplifted dirk. He would utter a shrill cry—a warning to the crew, and, perhaps, the start thus arousing them, in time to meet the attack of the robbers, and insure the further safety of Belle and the ship.

The emergency admitted of no delay. The young man clutched the yard, the near end of the mizen-top-sail, for a second to make sure he was in a line with the Hindoo beneath, then, just as the dirk was about to descend, he let go of the spar with a long, wild cry that pierced every corner of the ship, and he went, clearing the air with the velocity of a bullet.

There was a whirling, rushing sound, then a loud thud as the heavy boot-heels of the falling body crashed upon the head of the falling body, and he could see his knife flashing him ere he could use his knife, and he was instantly killed.

The watch heard the warning cry of the lieutenant, and before the other natives could recover from the surprise at the occurrence, he had so suddenly and unexpectedly broken upon them, the decks were alive with the robbers, and the entire gang of robbers beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile Belle Upton had been so near the murderer that she had heard, and the subsequent splash of the bodies in the water, that not until the boat was lowered and the lieutenant, who had been struggling in the sea, was brought aboard, and she clearly comprehended all that had happened.

Then she threw herself down by the prostrate form of her lover, and, among other things, feeling that he was fatally injured. Soon, however, the doctor gave cheering information to the contrary.

The young man had sustained a fearful shock from his contact with the Hindoo's body, but his body had offered little resistance to his downward progress when he struck it, he simply fell before him into the sea, his lower limbs, although partially paralyzed for the time, were unharmed, and he recovered from the shock of his fall, claimed his beautiful and willing bride.

"I heard of such a daring performance," "Ay!" exclaimed Major Upton. "God bless him! Here, Belle, he has saved you, girl, for he has saved you."

Heave hands of his daughter in the lieutenant's, and turned away to hide a few tears upon his bronzed cheek.

Immediately after the young man had been brought aboard, an offshore breeze sprang up, enabling the ship to head seaward. In due time the vessel reached her home port, when the lieutenant, who by this time had fully recovered from the shock of his fall, claimed his beautiful and willing bride.

He Fished.

"If I was drunk," said John Paddock as he looked over the deck, "then I don't know what drunkenness is, and I've been there for over twenty years."

Perhaps he wasn't drunk. He was discovered at 10 o'clock at night on Congress street, and was leaning over a fence to fish. Once in a while he seemed to be in a slow and melancholy way, and went fishing again. When the officer asked him what he was doing he began to weep, and presently his lamentations were so great that he disturbed the whole neighborhood. He was escorted to the station, dragging his fish-line behind him and weeping like a broken-hearted damsel, and as soon as left alone he removed the cover of the coal-stove and began to fish for clinkers.

It was very strange, said the officer, said his Honor. A sober man seldom goes fishing where there are no fish.

"That's where I alius fish," replied the man. "I don't care to catch no fish, but I likes the bites I'm after. What would I do with a fish if I caught one?"

"Well, I can't have you fishing around this town in that manner."

"Then I'll leave your town. I can go right over this minute, but I don't know but what I'd better. I can get along anywhere else just as well."

He was told to go, and he demanded his fish-line and pegged out, but before court adjourned word was brought that he was fishing for lobsters in a crockery hoghead on Jefferson avenue.

—Detroit Free Press.

Longfellow's "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner" records a bit of commentary from some restless image-breaker. He writes to the *Tribune* from Bethlehem, the little Moravian town:

"The little chapel of the house, the scene of the occurrence that the poet tells so stirringly, bore but little resemblance to his description of it. There were neither cowed heads nor incense nor altar—all of which would probably have been considered abominations by the good sisters, and the whole bottom was unfortunately, knocked out of the story. It seems that, as a matter of fact, Pulaski was staying in Bethlehem, saw some of the embroidery of the sisters, ordered the banner and paid for it."

The London Society for Obtaining Homes for Working Girls has opened its second season. The girls have to pay but a small sum for board and have also to do their own washing. It cannot be made self-supporting, but is obliged to ask contributions of the charitably-inclined people of London.

The Vicar's Poodle.

I have just received a letter from the vicar of Carn, which relates an instance of mental reflection on the part of a poodle dog that has the merit of admitting neither of mal-observation nor of unconscious exaggeration. The vicar's friend—a canon whose name I have at present no express permission to publish—went to visit a cousin, who owned the poodle dog. The vicar, concluding by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: "The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef."

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

They returned to the drawing-room, while the servant cleared away, and the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. "I had concluded by selling the rest of the story in my correspondent's own words: 'The poodle, whose name is Mori, went into the dining-room with them, and kept quietly under the table till the end of lunch, when he begged for a little food, and he was given a small shred of beef.'"

Mrs. Langtry.

Nor does Mr. Langtry seem to dislike the renown which connects itself with his wife's beauty. The renown has long since spread all over the world. I heard a striking proof of it last summer. I had been staying at a country house in Scotland, and on my way to another part of the Scotch world was passing through Inverness. Mrs. Langtry had been there the day before. Inverness is pretty well in the extreme north of Scotland, and is its last considerable town in that direction. A friend whom I met at the hotel told me then that Mr. Langtry, arrival had been announced in the local paper, and that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the street a little later, and had been mobbed in true London fashion. A crowd followed wherever she went. She made the journey next day down the Caledonian canal, and had been mobbed in the boat, as most people do to see the Falls of Towers. All recollect the name rightly—and had been following the multitude up the steep path which leads to them. I stopped there myself a day later, and the beggars who line the road had still something to say of Mrs. Langtry. One of them, who had been mobbed in true London fashion, said that she had been met at the railway station by a great company of curious spectators. She had ventured into the

